

## A STRANGE CASE.

How an Enemy was Foiled.

The following graphic statement will be send with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb, creepy sensation that existed in my leyes, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat read with intense interest: "I cannot describe the numb. creepy sensation that existed in my arms, hands and legs. I had to rub and beat those parts until they were sore, to overcome in a measure the dead feeling that had taken possession of them. In addition, I had a strange weakness in my back and around my waist, together with an indescribable 'gone' feeling in my stomach. Physicians said it was creeping paralysis, from which, according to their universal conclusion, there is no reflet. Once it fastens upon a person, they say, it continues its insidious progress until it reaches a vital point and the sufferer dies. Such was my prospect. I had been doctoring a year and a half steadily, but with no particular benefit, when I saw an advertisement of Dr Miles' Restorative Nervine, procured a bottle and began using it. Marvelous as it may seem, but a few days had passed before every bit of that creepy feeling had left me, and there has not been even, the slightest indication of its return. If now feel as well as I ever did, and have gained ten pounds in weight, though I had run down from 170 to 137. Four others have used Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine on my recomendation, and it has been as satisfactory in their cases as in mine."—James Kane, La Rue, O. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Eikhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express propaid. It is free from splates or dangerous drugs.

### THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches. #VANGELICAL.—Church 16:30 a. m., 7 p. m Sunday School 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7 p. m. Rev. Green Pas-tor. SBYTERIAN.-Church10:36 a. m., 7 p. m.

Sunday School 12 m., Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7 p. m. Rev. M. L. Donamer, Pas-

Thursday, P. M. REV. M. L. DONAREY, Fastor.

T. AUGUSTINE.—Mass S. a. m., High Mass 10
a. m., Vespers S. p. m. REV. M. PUETZ, Pastor.

METHODIST.—Charch 10:30 a. m., 7p. m., Saboath School 2:15 a. m., Zoung People's Meeting 5:00 p. m., Epworth Leagne Meeting,
Wodnesday, 7p. m., Prayer Meeting Thursday,
7p. m. REV. I. N. KAIR, Pastor.

PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30p. m., (or
10 a. m., as audounced previous Sunday) Sunday School 9 a.m. REV. W. L. Fisher, Pastor.

(OHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twu. JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp., Church 10 a. m. Rev. W. L. Pishen, Pastor., MANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m.

day school 10 a. m. Kev. L. DARMONN ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. - Napoleon Twp Church 10 a.m. Rev. L. Dammons, Paster. 6 NITED BRETHREN.—South Napoleon; church every wees, 10:30 a. m. and to the evening at 7:30. Prayer meeting Thursday 7 p. m REV. I. D. IMALE, Pastor.

VNITED BRETHREN.—McClure; church10 a m., every other sunday, beginning January 18, 1891. 8, bbath school 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting Thursdays.7 p.m Rev. John Shellen, Pas-

# COUNTY RECORD

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Common Ple	as Judge J. M. Shee
Clerk	
Probate Jud.	geJ. V. Cu
Prosecuting	Attorney J. P. Ragi
Sheriff	E. E. Deck
And tor	J. H. Re
Treasurer	
Recorder	J. W. Hant
Surveyor	W. O. Hudso
Coroner	J. S. Ha
	/ D. T. Bu
Commission	ers > er ter
	Levi Kit
ACCUSED OF THE OWNER,	rectors
LudrmaryDi	rectors Christ Dittm
	H. Wistinghause
School Exam	ninersMrs. Sue Welster
Berool Park	Iners C. Bchw
Faulton	August Hirselar
a multor	or commercial contracting that arrested
Mayor	ORATION OFFICERS.  D. Meekin C. E. Raynol
Mayor Clerk Treasurer Marshal	D. Meekin C. E. Raynoi O. Higgi T. J. Bur
Mayor Olerk Treasurer Marshal Street Jomn	D. Meekis  C. E. Reynol  O. Higgi  T. J. Bur  Hissioner Fred Mari  B. B. Bir  ustees L. V. Bets
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Mayor Olerk Treasurer Marshal Street Jomn	D Meekis   C E Reynol   O Higg
Mayor Olerk Treasurer Marshal Street Jomn	D. Meekis   C. E. Reynol   O. Higgi   T. J. Bur   Issiouer   Fred Mark   B. B. Bir   Ustces   L. V. Bets   C. La H. Gidl   L. L. Ore   Utilian Sam
Mayor Clork Preasurer Marshal Street Jomn Cemetery Tr	D. Meekis   C. E. Reynoi   O. Higgi   O. Higgi   T. J. Barnissiouer   Freed Mark   B. B. Birz   Ustces   L. V. Bets   Chas. H. Gidl   L. L. Orw   William Sam   Bichard W. Oah   Bichard W. Oah
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Mayor Clork Preasurer Marshal Street Jomn Cemetery Tr	D. Meekis   C. E. Reynoi   O. Higgi   T. J. Bar
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Mayor Olerk Tressurer Marshal Street Jonn Cemetery Tr	D. Meekis   C. E. Reynoi   O. Higgi   O. Higgi   T. J. Barnissiouer   Freed Mark   Freed Mark   Freed Mark   Chas. H. Gidl   Chas. H. Gidl   C. L. L. Orw   William Sam   Richard W. Oah   John Voc   Theodere Ludw   Jas. W. Ham   J. V. C.   George Hildr   Ches. E. Reynol   Chas. E. Reynol   Chas. E. Reynol   Chas. E. Reynol
Mayor Olerk Tressurer Marshal Street Jonn Cemetery Tr	D. Meekis   C. E. Reynoi   O. Higgi   T. J. Bar
Mayor Olerk Tressurer Marshal Street Jonn Cemetery Tr	D. Meekis   C. E. Reynoi   O. Higgi   T. J. Bar
Mayor Olerk Tressuer Marshal Street Joma Cemetery Tr Councilmen	D. Meekis   C. E. Reynol
Mayor Olerk Tressuer Marshal Street Joma Cemetery Tr Councilmen	D. Meekis   C. E. Reynoi   O. Higgi

Examiners W. G. Coove Chas. Ever F. D. Printi A. E. H. Maerkes R. W. Cahil,
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Joseph Fish, Jr
W. C. Johnson. McCiure John Love
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"I am half a mind to take you at your word!" cried Maxey, rising and impatiently pacing the floor.

"I shall not resist you, sir." "Do you mean to tell me that you do poor girl's life on the sea road the very perience as a detective." day you disappeared from town?"

Mr. Dye made no reply at once, but a harsh, grating sound issued from between his lips. Maxey even thought he heard him murmur through his clinched teeth:

"The black heart! The black heart! But his faded glance was scarcely lifted from the forlorn hat ere he became passive again.

"I can only say to you, sir, that ever heard of this thing before." "Don't you read the newspapers?"

"Not except by accident. I have no interest in the world whatever." 'Do you never hear people talk?" "I have heard nobody talk about this,

but I have been away where I would be little likely to." "Why did you go away?"

"Because it was necessary for me to attempt to raise money by dishonest means—an attempt which failed as disastrously as it deserved. It was my belief until I came here that Annette had indeed voluntarily absented herself from my abode, as she had threatened to do. If you will ask the landlord at 40 Flood street, he will tell you that I left money in his charge to be given to her if she such that she could have acquired enemies. You speak in riddles, sir. Would it be asking too much that you should tell me the circumstances? But, no; you will not do that, for I am the man suspected."

"I think circumstances warrant a suspicion that you know more than you will admit. Nevertheless, lest I do an injustice, I will tell you what you ask.' He told it. Mr. Dye listened motionless till the end. When it was over, he

remained silent. "Have you nothing to say to this?" asked Maxey. "Do you suspect nobody?"
"I have nothing to say, sir."

"Nothing?"

"Not a word." "Well, then," cried Maxey excitedly, 'there is only one course open to me." He was interrupted by a knock at the

Miss Maxey, dressed for the street, sat in one corner of the room, apparentshe was disturbed by more than ordinary | the street. emotions. The artist barely naticed her. He was too much under the power of the her heart to him and laid hare her sweet for the fever within her. and forgiving nature as she never had man mer done before. And she pleaded for the seen token of his regard for her which he was fard tead ing. But what could he do under the spell land of her presence? How could he say "No" done before. And she pleaded for the were necessary to take her to the high token of his regard for her which he was picketed fence that separated the street There was no doubt about it. The driving. But what could be do under the spell | looked out over the waste of whitened of her presence? How could be say "No" | ice, and in that moment an idea came even when the granting of her prayer to her—out of so little do great things would allow to slip through his fingers sometimes arise. If Miss Maxey had the first real key to the mystery of the gone her customary way up the street sea road which he felt he had ever held? into the main avenue, she would doubtsea road which he felt he had ever held? Into the main avenue, she would doubt-The beautiful face turned toward him so less have wandered about the neigh-beseechingly, the dark eyes emphasized borhood till she had got the better of her words so eloquently that he had no her emotions and have returned home, power to resist.

that he stood to her in place of a father. persecuted or molested on her account. If he would not speak, let him remain Maxey did not want to, but for her sake Mr. Maxey would, and he did.

"I promise you," he said at length he pleases, and that I do it for his daughter's sake."

"Oh, no; please don't tell him that. It is not necessary that he should know that I interceded for him. I would rath-"Very well then," said Maxey.

be it.

He left the room and dismissed Mr. Belfry from his post in the hall. As he was holding the door open for

the sly landlord to pass out, Miss Maxey swept by him on her way to the street, and as she went she flashed into her brother's face a look of mingled pity and contempt which made him feel decidedly uncomfortable. "She thinks I have vielded to Annette

too readily," he reflected, "and no way he had better take. Miss Maxey doubt she is right. No doubt I have." Still he could not retract his promise now. He went into the room where the somber man still sat.

"Mr. Dye, I have only one more question to ask you. Have you told me everything which you believe it is necessary for me as the guardian of Annette to know?"

"Sir, I have nothing more to say." "I have done, sir."

Mr. Dye arose, calm and unmoved low as he had been at first, smoothed off his hat with his glistening sleeve, put it upon his head and made the following speech:

"I desire first, sir, to warn you, if you wish to retain me, to have me arrested. Necessity is a stern law. I must eat. If the mind of the artist's sister. With a there is nothing for me here, I shall not glow of excitement at her heart and a remain here. I do not much think, in quickening breath, the deliberate proj-view of the manifold vicissitudes of life ect of playing the detective took form and the uncertainties of the appellations which control human events, that if you let me go today it is at all probable

you will ever see me again." "You are at liberty to go where you will," said Maxey. "If you have told me the truth, there is no reason why many ambitious young men, and all you should not. If you have lied to me,

Children Cry for

He opened the door. Mr. Dye said not a word. He made a profound stage bow, settled his hat more firmly on his head and stalked out.

"And that is the end," thought the not know of the foul attempt on this artist, with some bitterness, "of my ex-

CHAPTER XL

MISS MAXEY TRIES. Miss Maxey went out of the house in Ballavoine place with no definite purpose in view. She was disappointed, vexed, even offended by what she considered Annette's misplaced sentiment and Maxey's want of firmness, but she was entirely unable to see what she could do to remedy the mischief. She had waited for Mr. Dye's coming from the day she knew of Maxey's visit to Flood street with despairing impatience, and she had heard from the lips of Annette of his arrival in the house with an excitement which rendered her own absence from the interview with him an almost unbearable hardship. Now at last she felt the long delayed time had come when something of the mystery of the cruel have money. I have been engaged in an affair on the sea road was to be cleared away.

Miss Maxey longed to see the light of day poured in upon this dark deed. It was a longing not born of curiosity alone. All the sympathies of her broad and generous nature had been enlisted in the cause of the poor girl whom she had rescued from a nameless grave. Her outraged sense of justice made her aglow returned during my absence. I had, I with a desire to know that the guilty could have, no possible ill will for that unfortunate girl. Neither was her life a helpless girl. The thought that the perpetrator of this dastardly crime was left free to go about, unchallenged and unmasked, among his fellow creatures was at times almost maddening to her. And to think that after all that had happened, on the very verge, it seemed to her, of the most important discoveries, the man who undoubtedly held the key of the whole matter; the man, in all probability, who was himself the criminal for whom they sought, was, in order to satisfy the scruples of a too sensitive girl, to be allowed to put himself out of their reach forever. This distressed her almost beyond endurance.

And in spite of all this she had come without a word of remonstrance or reproach. Impulsive Miss Maxey undoubtedly was, but she was quite capable of putting a bridle upon her tongue in a moment of anger, for the very reason door. Annette, whose eyes were not yet that she distrusted her own power of free from tears, implored his attention self control. Not for the world would for a moment. He went into the parlor she have uttered a syllable that could by any possibility wound the sensitive spirit of Annette, and she did not dare trust herself to enter into an argument with ly preoccupied, though the unusual color | her brother in her presence. So she had in her cheeks was evidence enough that come out into the freer atmosphere of

It was a cold, gloomy afternoon in January. The sky was dark and threatnew and contending feelings that filled ened snow. Miss Maxey was well wraphis soul when Annette spoke to him to ped up and rather enjoyed the crisp atheed anything else, for Annette opened | mosphere. It was certainly an antidote

She walked down the few paces which from the river. For a moment she beseechingly, the dark eyes emphasized borhood till she had got the better of resigned to the inevitable, and so the She could not forget that Mr. Dye had part that she was to play in the unravelbrought her up, had given her a home; ing of the sea road mystery would never have been. But at the moment when she She could not bear to think of his being looked out between the pickets the idea came to her that she might, by remaining where she was, get a better view of silent. The past was passed. Would not the somber Mr. Dye than she had been Mr. Maxey give her his promise not to able to obtain in the house through a follow up that dark matter further? Mr. | half opened door. It was only this and no more. All that followed came grad-

ually and step by step. Her brother had expressed his inten-"I will detain him no longer. I will tion of dismissing Mr. Dye at once. The tell him that he is at liberty to go where mysterious visitor ought by this time to be coming down the stairs and out into the street. She drew her veil over her face and turned toward the door. Almost at the same instant the weebegone hat, the shiny coat and all that apper-

tained thereto emerged into the open air. Mr. Dye did not look about him. His head did not seem to be capable of holding itself erect. His eyes were fixed on the ground. He plunged his hands deep into his coat pockets and set out with a slow and not exactly steady step toward the avenue. Almost involuntarily, certainly without reflecting upon what she did, Miss Maxey followed him at the same slow pace. When he reached the corner, he stopped and looked up and down the street, as if undecided which slackened her pace lest she should overtake him.

After a momentary hesitation he made his decision. He took the way to the right. Was he going back to Flood street? His last movement would indicate that he was not, though the crookedness of the city streets might leave even this a matter of doubt. He went on in the same slow, unsteady, dejected man-ner. Presently he crossed the street, and turning into a branch thoroughfare went up toward the heart of the city. Miss Maxey followed, though she kept upon

the other side of the way.

Then it was that the idea of "shadowing" him to the end and spying upon him so far as she could first came into

Ir the world were populated with middle-aged men who had had their go at success and failed, practical soyoung men should be ambitious, would be willing to lose their identity and change for individual success in a community conducted on socialistic principles? Surely not many.



She drew her well over her face and turned toward the door.

ing, and it fascinated her. Still keeping the conspicuous form of the somber Dye in sight, she thought over the chances and dangers of such a project, and it did not take a great deal of reasoning to convince her that, except in a most limited sphere, her design was a wild one It was all well now and here at this time of day in an eminently respectable part of the city to continue as she had begun. There was no one to molest her or make her afraid. But how would it be if the somber Dve should betake himself to the less reputable lanes and alleys of the metropolis? Would she dare to follow him even there? She did not know very much about such places, to be sure, but she had heard of them and her courage failed her when she thought of them. Besides there were not many hours of daylight left.

"No," she reflected; "I cannot do everything as if I were a man, but I can at least go on until something occurs to turn me back."

And she went on. Again Mr. Dye passed into another street. There could be very little doubt about it now. He was going back to Flood street, or if not there to some place in that locality. So he would go on till he came to the door of house No. 40. He would pull the bell and walk in. The door would close behind him. And then what? Manifestly there would be noth ing for her to do but to turn about and retrace her steps, no wiser than when she had set out, and having had her tronble for her pains. Such was the pros-

Miss Maxey sauntered leisurely along upon the opposite side of the way and ome distance behind, trying not to appear to look at Mr. Dye at all. But this precaution was useless. Mr. Dye never looked around. He continued to drift on in the same faltering, unenergetic, despondent fashion, with his hands in the side pockets of his threadbare coat and his head bent down.

"He does not look like a very old man," thought Ellen, "but judging by his gait he must be in feeble health.

They were now passing through a quiet side street which led down a gentle declivity. There were not many pedestrians, and out of the gloomy sky a few fine crystals of snow were leisurely finding their way to the pavement.

Mr. Dye had traversed about half the length of the street when Miss Maxey noticed a carriage containing two women, one of whom was driving, turning in from the avenue which ran to right angles with the bottom of the decline. The woman who drove was on the side toward Mr. Dye. The horses walked upon herself the bold and masculine task slowly up the hill.

Miss Maxey marked these facts only al way until who drove attracted her attention. er was filled with strong emotions at noticed her, but the occupant of the some definite destination. vehicle seemed to have concentrated her whole attention upon him. When she sudden pull upon the reins. Then she a low voice.

Mr. Dve started out of his abstraction and looked up to find himself face to face with her. Even at the distance Evidently he fears her. This is a most which intervened between herself and the scene Miss Maxey fancied she saw the man's sallow face turn to a deadlier man and then stood motionless in the before which the vehicle eventually woman in the carriage. The woman neighbors. spoke again and beckoned to him. At the street and entering into a conversa-

All this time Miss Maxey was coming nearer and nearer. If she could only hear one little sentence of what they were saying, she thought it would be way, and she did not dare to cross over. She did not dare even to look unduly toward the point where all her interest was centered, for the reason that the voman seemed to be suspicious of everything about her. Even in the midst of her conversation with Mr. Dye, which to the brownstone steps at the very moseemed to be conducted on her part with much earnestness and emphasis, she glanced up and down the street in a cautious, uneasy manner and looked at El- sidewalk between herself and them as en fixedly.

It was when she looked at her thus

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a race and have forgotten the place and the hair remembers race was calling the circumstances? The same hasty scru-tiny which showed her this showed her haps the woman had recognized her and also that the woman was richly, even res lavishly, attired, and that, though she quiet street where they met Mr. Dye. might be between 30 and 40, she was

still young, still fascinating.
"Men would like her," thought the and disdain that spoil the face for me." And thinking this she went on, vainly trying to stimulate the passive sentiment that rose in her mind at the sight of this new countenance into active recollection.

As for the other occupant of the carriage, Ellen hardly noticed her. Yet she knew, in a mechanical way, that she was young, not more than 20, perhaps much less; that she had a smiling, pretty face, of much the same type of beauty as the more mature features beside her. As Ellen passed that point in the

ing ears caught only six distinct words in a woman's voice: "It will admit of no delay."

Mr. Dye's response was inaudible. This was all that she, without betraying an interest in the affair beyond that of a chance passer, was able to rescue out of the whole conversation. She was so careful not to do this that she even refrained from looking around after she had passed the carriage. In truth, it was not until she had nearly reached the corner of the street, and the sound of wheels on the hard stones warned her that the carriage had started ahead, that she again ventured to satisfy her curi-A rather curious state of affairs pre-

sented itself to her view when she turned. The carriage had indeed resumed its onward course in the same direction as before, but Mr. Dve had faced about and was preceding it upon the sidewalk a little distance in front. The snow was now beginning to fall more thickly, and Ellen felt that there was serious danger of losing sight of the people in whom she was so greatly interested.

Undoubtedly when the carriage got to the top of the hill it would drive on at a much more rapid rate. She quickened her footsteps and crossed the street so as to be upon the same side with Mr. Dye. By this time the trio had reached the top of the declivity and were going down on the other side. Ellen hastened forward, keeping as much as possible out of sight behind the occasional pedestrian. But before she reached the end of the thoroughfare all anxiety that the carriage would drive on out of her reach had left her. She began to understand the situation. Whoever the women in the carriage might be they were evidently afraid or ashamed of being seen in company with the forlorn Dye. And yet it was very important that he should go along with them. They dared not take him into the vehicle, so they had compromised the matter by causing him to walk a short distance in advance. No body would think that this woebegone ragamuffin who walked could have any possible connection with the elegantly

dressed ladies who rode. Mr. Dye must know the way, then, perfectly well. Undoubtedly, for he turned the corner without looking back, and the vehicle in its specession promptly wheeled about into the same avenue. Ellen perceived this with an increasing glow at her heart and the most bewildering speculations in her

head. The snowflakes came more thickly, and the young woman who had take of following the somber Dye kept as close as she dared to her unconscious victim lest some significant circumstan change in the manner of the woman should escape her observation. But no significant circumstance occurred.

The carriage and the man went on steadily, without any further intercourse the sight of Mr. Dye. The somber man's or interchange of any possible signs, gaze was still downward. He had not through the network of city streets to

"This I can see very clearly," thought Ellen. "But why, if this woman is so came opposite to him, she drew up with afraid of attracting observation, did she not send this man about by another road ent over and seemed to call to him in and drive on at a natural pace? People must think it strange to see her walking her horse in the midst of a heavy snow-Evidently he fears her. This is a most inexplicable affair."

The carriage at last turned into a broad avenue lined with elegant houses, pallor and his jaw drop. He certainly It was, in truth, one of the most aristostaggered for an instant like a drunken | cratic streets of the city, and the house middle of the sidewalk, staring at the stopped was not eclipsed by any of its Mr. Dye had already mounted the long

this Mr. Dye roused himself, threw a flight of brownstone steps, had opened hasty glance over his shoulder in each | the outer door and gone in out of sight | direction, as if calculating the chances of anybody in the street. It was not to of flight and ended by stepping out into be supposed that he had entered the house, however, for all of these residences were protected by double doors, separated by a vestibule. Mr. Dye, in all probability, was waiting in the inner space for his fashionable patrons to come up and admit him. Almost at the mosome satisfaction to her, but unfortu- ment the carriage wheels grated against nately she was on the other side of the the curbstones in front of the house a serving man came up out of a door underneath the steps, and after helping the ladies out got into the empty seat and drove away.

Miss Maxey tried not to have it so, but fate brought it about that she came ment when these women were about to ascend them. She put as much space of

she conveniently could, but none the less she felt herself observed and knew, directly that Ellen first became aware though she kept her own eyes straight of a vague and but half active impres- ahead, that the elder woman at least sion that she did not see this face now was looking at her. Her sharp ear defor the first time. And yet how was it tected a whisper a moment afterward. possible for her to have seen so striking and she fancied that the possessor of

mbered to have seen her in the

while she was undergoing this inspection. But it was only a momentary afartist's sister, "in spite of the cynicism fair. She went on quickly. The women passed up the steps, shaking their gar-ments, and the door closed after them with a slam.

[CONTINUED.]

Specimen Cases. S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheuma-tism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming de-gree, appetite fell away, and he was ter-ribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill. street where the vehicle stood her strainhad a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Cataw-ba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One pottle Electric Bitters and one Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him en-tirely. Sold by D. J. Humphrey.

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